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A DISCOURSE

ON

RATIONAL EDUCATION;

OR,

MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE.

AS DELIVERED BY

LeGRAND B. CUSHMAN,

IN

MANY OF THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND CITIES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

UTICA, N. Y.:
PUBLISHED BY J. WESLEY SEGAR, NO. 176 GENESEE STREET.
1864.

N° 231

1st April 23. 1864

Sept. June 16. 1864

Le Grand B. Cushman,

VOCALIST AND LECTURER.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord 1864, by
LE GRAND B. CUSHMAN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this pamphlet to the public, I do so with the *full assurance* that it should be *read* by *all lovers* of *Education* and *Progress*. *Education*, in the *past*, has been improperly understood by those who have acted in that *important capacity* of *Parent* and *Teacher*. Man is to a *great extent* a *creature* of *circumstances*, as his character is formed by his surroundings. Everything that makes an impression upon his mind, either tends to educate him in the Paths of Truth, or to direct his mind in the *slothful channels* of *Vice* and *Misery*. Everything that comes in contact with our vision, is educational in its effects; hence, it has been truly said, that "he that runs may read," and gather knowledge, but not always wisdom.

The first lessons which we receive, are while the soul-germ of our being is slumbering in the embryo of Fetal development. Every mother occupies the position of Teacher; and *with her* DEPENDS, to a *great extent*, the *success* and happiness of the *Intellectual* and *Moral Powers* of the *rising generation* We are wisely

reminded by the Apostle PAUL, of the *great* and *all-important necessity* of using our reason, when he says, "PROVE ALL THINGS, and *hold fast* that which is GOOD." Hence the reader will observe, as he carefully peruses this little work, the *truthfulness* of the *great variety* of *things* and *conditions* that go to make up *nature's library*, from which man gathers his education.

This little work is *Dedicated* to *all who act* in the *important capacity* of *Parent* or *Teacher*, and is kindly presented to them for their *careful* and *beneficent consideration*.

LEGRAND B. CUSHMAN.

NEW YORK, April, 1864.

EDUCATION.

Man should be educated. Not because he may not do without an education: not because he may not go through the world, after a manner, without it: not because he may not thrive—even grow fat, from an abundance of the good things of this life: not because he may not acquire property, and grow into respectability, through the medium of dollars and cents—for how many thousands do we meet in all the walks of life, who are *Rich* in *Purse*, but *Poor* in *Mind!* How many who ride in fine coaches, live in palaces, dress in gew-gaws, and live on the costliest viands, who know not what the air is made of! How many with all the conveniences requisite to make life happy, exhibit a pitiable ignorance of those things with which all should be familiar! Then the cultivation of the whole human intellect is not absolutely necessary to the maintenance of the body, for God has furnished us with an instinct, that will see to it that the body does not suffer. Not more reliable is that intuitive knowledge, that sends the season birds to the milder south each returning autumn than is that same knowledge in man. Observe the Indian; how carefully he provides in the spring his patch of corn for summer, and how each autumn finds him laying by his stock of skins and furs for clothing, and a plentiful supply of venison and bear meat for

the winter. His wants are few, but as his wants are, so in a simple ratio are his preparations. And so it is with all races of men. Their actual or supposed necessities are provided for naturally. The Indian as has been observed, wants but little: therefore are his provisions for the future very limited. He needs no property, therefore he acquires none. He expects his offspring to pursue the same mode of life, and consequently they need nothing at his hands.

Go where civilization has raised man from the savage state: where he has eschewed nature's spontaneous productions, or rather considers them insufficient to supply his wants: where he has swept away the forests, and spread there his ample fields, built towns and cities, and sent away his ships to bring him luxuries of otheer lands,—his wants are much increased: he wants more himself, and when death removes him, he desires to leave his sons and daughters a patrimony. Thus are his desires and labors naturally increased. And this is as true of the uncultivated, as of the cultivated mind. Yes, far truer is it for the uncultivated mind, and what I mean by the uncultivated mind, is one that has not been harmoniously cultivated, or one which has received all its culture in one direction—has but the one desire, the one mastering love, the one moving passion: to grow rich, and to give all his heirs a handsome estate when he needs it no longer.

Hence in many instances the uneducated man far outstrips his better informed neighbor. Then it is not because man has needs, physical wants which must be supplied, that he should be educated—but because he

is a man. MAN! WHAT IS HE? An *immortal creature*, an *animal* DIVINE. To all the animals was given instinct, a kind of physical intellect: but to man, the *crowning work*, the *wonder* of the *universe*, GOD *gave* an *immortal soul*, an *undying mind*, an essence of himself, a spirit that should live as long as time should last: and from this *wondrous soul* he *withheld* NONE of his own attributes. It was the *breath* of GOD, the in-breathing of His Spirit, that caused man to be a living soul.

He was an animal endowed with GOD's own powers, and only modified by the temple, the clay tenement in which they dwelt. And in answer to this power from his maker, in answer to the wisdom and the omnipotence of his nature, he was to have dominion over the earth and all that in it dwelt. He has had dominion, and mark the effect of his ruling. The wilderness earth has been planted with flowers. The pathless ocean, that lashed unknown shores, has been rendered the great highway of the world, with all its rocks and reefs, its bars and currents, mapped with daguerreian precision.

The rivers that for long centuries tumbled from their homes, in the mountains, through their wood girt channels to the sea, with nought to mark their passage but the wild animal from his brush wood lair, nought to stay their currents throughout all their wild career, are now spanned by bridges and covered with the product of human toil. Mountains and hills have been levelled or tunneled, as suited man's fancy best: the earth has been hooped with railroads, until every man's

door is a market, and soon with the lightning for his news car, his house will always be in speaking distance though the whole diameter of the earth should intervene.

Wherever a man may be, he can say in his power, "let me know how the loved ones at home get on," and in a moment he shall know. Then the earth was a great maze, a wilderness of woods and waters, upon which the sun and moon looked down in vain.

Throughout the day the sun sent down his beams, but to be reflected from the leafy coat, without ever touching the body of the earth: and at night, the moon looked down but to see her own sad face reflected from the waters. Now, they both look down on a grain clad world, on a vast field that catches up their beams of warmth and light, and deals them out to *make* a thousand million hearts *rejoice*. And this, with the blessing of God, man has done. Surely it seems a modified omnipotence has been at work. Man could not make a world, but God gave him one for his home, with the power to make it almost a *paradise*. This is man's omnipotence, directed by his wisdom, and yet more: these wondrous powers of man are capable of a constant and unending increase. These faculties are susceptible of an expansion and progression, to which there are neither ends nor bounds. As the stone dropped in mid ocean is said to set waves in motion that shall roll on and on till they lash the distant shores, and then recoil upon themselves to set other waves agoing which shall beat against the opposite shore, and thus on forever: so in the great infinitude of space between man and his Maker, and in the unending

period allotted him to exist, each thought, each emotion, shall but set in motion other thoughts and other emotions, that shall go on increasing and deepening forever. Here then we arrive at the reason why man should be educated.

And while I state that this is the reason that he should be educated, let me not be understood to say that because many men gain fortunes who are ignorant, and because all men might live without an education, that therefore it is unnecessary to man's physical comfort. For let it be remembered that the ignorant man in civilized society, owes his superiority over the untaught savage, not to any good work of his, but to his having been born among enlightened people. He is a drone who reaps advantages from the labors and researches of others, while he adds nothing at all to the public stock. And very soon were the influences of education to cease, should we see a world retracing its steps from a civilized to a savage state.

As a thousand years ago our ancestors lived on war and acorns, so in a thousand years to come our posterity would lead a similar life. An educated mind, then, not only seeks out knowledge, but it preserves it. Hence, upon this alone depends the physical well being of the world. Again, man should not only be educated, but he should be educated aright. For taking the word in its most extended sense, allowing it to comprehend all the training that we receive from our own observation, and from the instruction which we receive from others, not only as instructors, but as associates, man will be educated—either properly or im-

properly. His mind was calculated in its formation for expansion: every faculty craves it, and hence seeks for it. The human mind was so constituted that it can never be still. "Peace, be still," was never written upon it: but rather onward, and still onward!

Just as naturally as the dew-fed streamlet, that in its weakness turns aside for the modest violet, receives from all quarters additions to its waters, until it becomes the mighty river, bearing to the ocean on its sweeping current the commerce of half a world; so the mind, feeble in its beginnings, so very frail that it cannot grasp a thought, increases with every addition, and gains new strength every hour of its existence. This it does naturally, constitutionally. Then we say that the mind will be educated, for it is GOD'S decree stamped upon it in its creation; and that this education will either be *right* or *wrong*. And further, we say that this education CONSISTS in every word uttered from BIRTH till DEATH. People too often imagine that education is gained in schools *entirely;* whereas it is frequently the case, that the young man or the young lady who attends school to *finish* an education, has already finished it in the street, in the groggery, in the ball-room, or at the card party, so effectually, that the love for books, for solid instruction and profitable knowledge is entirely gone. The fond parents are grieved, friends and relations disappointed, and everybody wonders why there was no progress made. A thousand excuses are framed to palliate the apparent carelessness or imbecility. The ability of the teacher, or his assiduity, is questioned; or, in all probability, the unhappy

recipient of all these well meant, but ill-timed endeavors, is set down as thick-headed, as being born for a dolt, and that therefore there can be no possible use in endeavoring to thwart the designs of nature.

They never once consider that the mind has been pre-occupied; that the amusements, the romances of life, have estranged it to all serious thought of the real, the tangible. That mind had been educated before, and educated, too, after the most fascinating style. No cares pressed upon it. It saw no duties to perform; it felt no responsibilities. Real, earnest, thoughtful action, had never been placed before it for consideration. The pulses thrilled and the heart beat for joy. Wild, dreamy thoughts, made a vast castle of the future, in which there was no sorrow, no suffering to endure, no calamities to withstand, no life-work to do—all was one brilliant round of the gayest delight, to which no end would succeed. The whole future was a bright day, which would never end in night. Let me repeat, then, that the mind was already educated—ruinously, it is true, but the none the less surely. Not strange is it, that such a mind should baffle all the efforts of parents and instructors, for to succeed, it must be led backward. The whole course of life must be changed. Old loves and fancies and ideals must be chased away, and replaced with those which appear far less invitingly and lovely. The entire path of life that has led through pleasant vales and flower-clad dells, shaded by evergreen trees, among whose boughs bright winged birds have sung to lure the unwary and enamored youth along, must be retraced. A new life must be begun—a

new road entered upon that winds over crags and dark ravines, and that leads up, and up the hill of science, whose top no eye has seen. No flowers are there, no bird songs, no shaded glens—all is labor, dull, uninviting toil. No wonder, then, that such a mind resists all attempts to mould it anew. It has grown strong in the direction in which it was first bent; habit has become nature, or in a word, the mind has been educated. So it is with every youth. Progress in proper education, will always depend upon the antecedents, upon the previous training. That parent, for instance, who trains his children to believe that labor is degrading, and that the lowly were born to toil, to be the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water," is most certainly educating them to despise toil of all kinds, and need never expect them to fulfill his anticipations of seeing them grow up useful men and women, an honor to him and ornaments to society. They must be taught that life is a reality, which must be grappled with earnestly: and that to do anything, or be anything in the world, requires the utmost patience and unceasing exertion; requires that they shall ever

Be up and doing,
With a life for any fate;
"Still achieving, still pursuing,"
"Learn to labor and to wait."

Let us imagine another example of improper education. Suppose a child, a little boy, for instance, while he is yet as pure as the angels, before his mind has become sufficiently strong to distinguish right from wrong; suppose that almost as soon as his unskilled tongue can stammer out the simplest words, his mis-

guided father should teach him to swear, and should smile with delight as the most horrid language came from his pure lips—think you, my friends, that child with such daily training, would become a lovely and a teachable boy? We all know that such could not be the case, for this early training, these first impressions, would grow with his growth, would in fact be a part of his being, inseparable and uneffaceable. No after training, however skillful, could remove those deep way marks from his being. This may be supposed an improbable case, and we all hope that no parent, would so far forget his duties and his responsibilities as a parent, as to teach his child to profane the name of God.

But are there not opportunities offered, like in kind, and almost as effective in their suicidal results, as though the parent was himself the teacher? While our youth have no home amusements to keep them off the streets at night; while the vicious and profane, that meet to spend their evenings together, that they may not be left to muse alone upon their wickedness, for I hold that no immoral or profane person is good company for himself, from the simple fact that wickedness loves company better than meditation; while these arethe companions of the young, we need have no doubt that their education is progressing rapidly. And what an education, from what tutors! My friends I tremble when I reflect how many bright boys, how many gifted minds, that might become stars of the first magnitude in their day, that might serve the world acceptably and honorably, are now being educated for

the Jail, the State Prison, and the Gallows. Educated too as I have said, by meeting with the vicious and profane, hearing them talk of their last night's revels, of their drunken frolicks, and of their midnight orgies. The boy listens at first with wonder, that any one can be so lost to all sense of virtue and right. But by degrees he catches the spirit, he becomes used to hard words, and hardened deeds, he goes forth into the company of his own youthful associates to recite to them the deeds done and the language used. Soon, oh! how soon, his sensibility has gone! How soon he forgets his mother's oft repeated admonition: never go into bad company, never use bad language. How soon the tongue that uttered but the purest words, and the lips through which no poisoned speech had ever passed are both polluted. How soon the young mind that has been taught to look up to God as the great author of all things, and to never mention his name but in fearful accents, perhaps but in the little prayer that he has pronounced before he could think of falling into the wooing arms of sleep—how soon, I say, he uses that name with more familiarity, than he does that of his own father.

I say with more familiarity, for where is the boy, aye where is the man, that would on all occasions, when in anger or in mirth, use his father's name lightly in the presence of the father? No one I presume to say, would do it. Allow me to say here that I advert to swearing in this system of improper education, particularly, because I believe it to be the promoter, the foster father of a multitude of sins. As long as you

can keep a boy's language pure, that long is he safe, for from the "fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." This then is improper education. And how strong the hold it has upon its learners! How it clings to its unfortunate victim, even after he would break away from its loathsome embrace. Allow me then, in this connection, to say to any and every one present, who may be in the habit of using profane language, as I would say to every one so addicted; quit it at once. Don't say to yourself, yet a little longer, and then when age has caused me to leave off the frivolities of youth, then I will cease to swear.

Don't delay friends—I would say if I could, to every swearer in the world. Not a word do we utter but that will affect our minds throughout our whole lives. Every thought, and word, and deed, leaves a mark which shall never be effaced. Man may be in the habit of swearing and then quit, but that mind will never be so pure, so free from stain, as though no bad word had ever stained it. It will always be a source of regret to any one to think as life's shadow begins to lengthen towards the evening of his days, that he has ever taken the name of God in vain. And how much more pleasant will our last days on earth be, with what satisfaction shall we look back on our past lives, if they have been wisely spent, if no bad habits have been practiced, and if our whole lives have been as pure as we shall then wish they had been. My friends, I may be an Enthusiast on this point, or perhaps a Monomoniac, but I can but believe that when you and I shall stand in the presence of God in that bright land to

which we all are tending, we shall see blazoned before our faces in unmistakable characters, the perfect picture of our whole lives. Not a word, not an act, not a thought or emotion will be lost.

Oh! how many of us will need no sentence, but self-condemned, will turn away from the presence of the good and pure, to seek our homes among those who like ourselves did despite to the promptings of that better nature that our Father has given us to guide us in the right. Such my friends, will be the home, and the fate of many, very many who are being educated to order in our doggeries, our bar rooms, and our drinking and gambling saloons throughout the whole land. Would that some guardian spirit would but whisper in every ear, you are on the road that leads to death, and that that whisper should continue to ring there louder and louder, until every one would turn from his evil ways—turn and be a man. Many other instances of false education might be adduced if more illustration were necessary to prove its ruinous effects. And among these might be enumerated gambling, the drinking of ardent spirits, a want of deference to age, and general impurity of thought and language. That the first two are the results of improper training, the bitter fruit of bad example, thousands of the best and brightest intellects in this fair land would from the depths of lowness, and degradation to which they have been carried, gladly testify. Suffer me one moment here; I had thought not to advert to this at all. But I know of no more woful, and fearful and soul sickening example of bad training than is the drunkard. If you

would know as nearly as it is in human power to know how great would be the fall of an angel, look at the drunkard. Look at the once proud, and gifted man, he who was the admired and loved of all; the witching taste for strong drink, planted in youth, has grown and strengthened till now it is master; mark him, as he totters with aimless step, and soulless eye to his lowly hut, too often, to wreak his maddened, poisoned spirit, on her who was once the bride of his heart, and the glory of his home.

Oh! how low has a man fallen, when he becomes a drunkard! May we, my friends, be preserved from ever becoming drunkards, or causing our neighbors to be so. And again, in these days of Native Americanism, Young America, I have thought, felt the importance of its position rather too keenly. Not that I would have a young person underrate himself or his position; and especially, in this country, where, in a few years, the youth of to-day are to assume the places, and take upon them the burdens of their fathers, it is highly necessary that they should feel the importance of the trust that must soon be committed to their charge, and prepare themselves to receive it, and to transmit it to the next generation, the same noble heritage of free men and free institutions that it now is. They should feel the weight of the responsibility, and nerve themselves to bear it as becomes the sons of noble sires. But this need not, should not, beget a self-importance that would render its possessor haughty, or prevent him from rendering to age and worth that reverence that is ever their due. In fact, I know of no

better criterion by which the good taste and judgment of a young person may be known, than by his habit of yielding a proper deference to the opinions and experience of age. Why, I believe, my young friends, that you and I should feel such a deference for age, that we would never speak or act unworthily in the presence of gray hairs. That we should feel restrained from any levity which we would suppose would be unpleasant to one whose youth has long since passed—feel that we are in the presence of one who has tried the earth, who knows it from experience, who has had his successes and reverses in life, who knows how the bitter mingles with the sweet, how joy and sadness walk together through life; and more than all, how all the wild fancies and expectations of the young are doomed to vanish before the stern realities of life.

We should feel that we are in the presence of a fund of experience, from which we might draw lessons of profit. And we should also realize that the venerable being—venerable for age alone, if nothing else—will soon be done with time here; that the past, with all its associations, is fast receding, and that he looks forward to the time which shall soon see his spirit, freed from the earth, taking its flight to the world where death comes not, and the spirit grows not old. I say that in the presence of such persons we should not feel familiar, nor talk as to our comrades.

And especially should we have a care that, in speaking of them, or to them, we do not descend so far, nor show ourselves so ill bred as to call them by such names as *Smith*, *Old Smith*, *Bill Smith*, or *Old Bill Smith;*

or, when meeting them, to salute them with "Why, how are you Smith? How have you been? How does the world use you?" This does not sound any *too* well, when addressed to an equal in age; and in all good humor allow me to say, for myself, and for us all —all that do so—that it savors, very much, of what polite people would call impudence, and is certainly the result of wrong training. Another, and the last result of an improper education, or development of the mind, to which I wish at this time to refer, is a general deficiency in true native modesty, or what would probably be better denominated purity--real, substantial virtue. This arises, without doubt, in a great measure, from the trashy, flimsy chaff—light, yellow-covered literature that is constantly pouring through the press from the minds of men that love money better than virtue, and who would, for their own sakes, gladly exchange all the solid reading in the land, for the light effusions of their own empty brains. Now, if the minds of the young be fed on this alone, or to the exclusion of more solid material, they must become corrupted. For as is our literature, so will be our morals. First, we read; then we ponder; then we talk; and, however low may have been the theme, however vile and dark the thought, our own minds have followed him through the foul quagmire, and we may not come thence without being stained.

"If a man cannot touch pitch and not be defiled," how much less can he subject his mind to the contact of that which is low and debasing, without having it marred and soiled. And oh, how impure from

this combined with other causes, do we see men become? So impure, that obscenity seems their native element; so impure, that we wonder to hear a good thing from their lips. Now, this impurity of language is but the wellings forth of an impure soul; for "from the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

And it has been very truly said that "If all men had windows in their hearts, there would be a great demand for shutters." Now I would not have it understood that man can attain to the purity of angels, nor that he may preserve himself perfectly free from all stain upon his mind and heart; but I do think that our Father, "who doeth all things well," has not given us a mental constitution that must, of necessity, be very impure, but that he has bestowed upon every human being that lives, or has lived, a soul that might be educated for heaven—that might be fitted for the company of angels, and just men made perfect. Then I would say, although we may not have windows in our hearts, yet, no thought should ever be harbored there, that we would be ashamed to utter. No word should we ever speak, that we would not be perfectly willing that all the world should hear. And every word that anybody utters that he would not be willing should come to the ears of his mother, his sister, or his nearest friend, is the consequence of improper influences planted and nurtured in the soul. For a proper education would have inspired him with the idea that God knows all our inmost thoughts, and that for every thought, word and deed, he will call us to account in the last day. That, then, however much we may have deceived oth-

ers by appearances, however much we may have wished to have the reputation of being pure in thought and virtuous in action, our whole lives will be pictured with a fearful accuracy. Outstanding in living letters of light, will be every unholy desire, every unrighteous motive, every unchristian act.

Then, my friends, it seems to me, we shall all wish there had been windows to our souls, that the apparent secresy might not have led us to indulge in that which will cover us with shame, and make us sink, abashed and confounded, from the presence of the blessed, pure in spirit. And it impresses itself deeply upon my judgment, that boys, and girls, should be so trained, so nurtured in purity, so carefully guarded against the use of all low, vulgar and debasing language, that they would be above it—far too noble-souled and high-minded to indulge in thought and language so far beneath all that is good and lovely. Then, I think, it has been shown that man must, and will be educated; that his mind is so constituted that it cannot remain stationary; that it must advance in some direction, and that direction will be either good or bad, according to the training; and that, therefore, he should be educated aright. The question very naturally arises here, "How shall this be done?" This is indeed a momentous query, and one that addresses itself to the intelligence of every parent, and of every teacher, who at all understands the responsibilities that rest upon him. How shall I educate the mind that has been committed to my care? Especially is this true of parents. Immortal minds are committed to their charge. Every day, from the cradle

to manhood and womanhood, are those minds receiving impressions which no after-culture—which eternal time itself shall not remove. Every day they are receiving impressions which shall in themselves, be the causes of influences that shall affect the mind throughout its whole existence. Every look, every tone, every word of the mother, is painted upon the young heart of the child in colors that will never grow dim. Then how passing all the importance that language can depict is it, that all these engravings on the soul should be cut at the right time, and in the proper manner; that all the colorings and shades should be applied skillfully, so that all the paintings and carvings there shall so blend together as to form the beautiful mind ideal which had been previously conceived.

In this connection it may be said too, that this ideal is necessary. No beautiful mind statue can ever be erected without it. Could our own Powers—the prince of modern sculptors—have ever traced in stone the form, the features, the expression of Webster, if he had not studied those features, if he had uot made them his own? No. Powers carried with him to Italy, engraven on his mind, the same picture that came back carved in *marble*. The stone was but the petrified ideal of the artist. So in the parent's mind, should be formed the ideal of the mind he would impress upon his offspring. I need not say that this ideal should contain in its structure all the virtues, all the goodly traits that may belong to poor, mortal man. For every parent knows how he would have his child. He knows he would love more than all things else, that that girl,

or that boy, should grow up into the intelligent, the respectable, the lovely, and the loved woman or man. He feels that this would be a fortune indeed, and that he could say at life's close, that he had not lived in vain; that he had given to the world men and women, in the true sense of those terms. Then we say that every intelligent parent has this image of what he wouldhave his offspring be. And immediately the question comes home to all—Why is it that so many children disgrace their paternity? Why is it that we do not have more sterling men and women in society?

Simply because this ideal is not carried out. The plan is mapped out, but never filled. The parent plans, but through inattention, and want of a proper appreciation of the duties devolving upon him, and the multiplicity of cares that perplex and annoy him, he fails to follow out that plan. To-day, from disinclination or a want of time, he postpones an important lesson, or a merited reproof, until to-morrow, and to-morrow finds him no less engaged; and thus the lesson is lost; the reproof, or, it may be, a much needed encouragement, is not given, and that young mind will be the loser forever. O, if parents would only take time to do their duty as fathers and mothers, how many loved hearts might be preserved; how many tears shed over the rashness, the waywardness of youth, might never fall; how many agonizing pangs of heart and soul over the bright boy ruined, the lovely girl fallen, might never be felt.

My friends, we should take time to do our duty. We should take time to educate carefully, fearfully,

those offshoots from the divine mind, that are entrusted to us. If we do not, how little shall we do in this life; how little will the world be profited by our having lived in it; how little of good shall we have to console us when we cast the last longing look over life and its acts.

"But how shall they be taught?" perhaps some might query. I answer, teach them by your own lives. If it is true that actions speak louder than words, generally, how very true it is with regard to the young. Would you teach your boy to love truth and never evade it, love it yourself. Show him in every possible manner, that you love it dearly, that you would sacrifice your life sooner than the truth. Would you teach him to be pure in thought and word, be so yourself, and never allow yourself to say that which you would not encourage in him. Would you teach him to be courteous to all, be yourself a model of politeness, not only to the stranger but to him, and to all within the home circle.

Would you teach him nobility of soul, and kindness of heart, show him by your every day actions that you are noble, above anything that is low and mean, and that your heart beats kindly, that you love to do a kind deed for its own sake. Would you teach him to obey and respect you, respect yourself. Issue no orders but what should be obeyed, then have them obeyed. Would you have him love home better than the street and the doggery, make it pleasanter. When business calls you not away, show him that you love your home more than any place else, make it agreeable, and

instructive, by your own conversation. Would you give him a literary cast of mind, patronize the book store occasionally. Purchase a book that you know is readable, and present it to him; when he has read it, prevail on him to oblige you with its contents. In a word, if you would have your children grow up men and women, be so yourself in all things to all men. Show them that you are competent to be their instructors in mind and heart; make them your confidants and companions, and you will reap a reward far more worthy than crowns of gold; you will feel that you have served the world more acceptably and worthily than you could have done had you filled the highest positions in state. Why, my friends, I'd rather have the credit of educating one man or woman who should be known for his or her good deeds, who should cause the widow's heart to leap for joy, and should receive the blessings, the real heart meed of the poor and the oppressed ones of the earth—than to be the King of all the Russians. Then let me say to parents, don't be discouraged; try on, and try all the time; never despair, never give up—determine that no pains shall be spared, and your children, and children's children, will rise up and call you blessed.

Again I say, don't give up. It may be that he has a worse disposition, and possibly, he may have a bad organization; frequently by far the greater part of these defects are chargeable to you; and if it should not be your fault, it is at least your misfortune, and you must make the best of it. It may be that you cannot make an eminent man of him; you may not

be able to raise him to the common level; but, as a parent, you are bound to do the best you can. And lastly, after the parent has initiated his children into the first degrees of the temple of science; after he has given them that bent of mind morally that he desires they should have; after he has taught them to observe and to think for themselves—the teacher may be called in as his aid. But this should not absolve him. The same deep interest should be felt—the same watchful care should be exercised. Not a day should pass without interrogating him as to his progress; not an evening should pass without, as far as would be at all practicable, a review (partial, at least,) of the lessons conned during the day.

This course, in the first place, would give no opportunity for the formation of idle and vicious habits; next, it would break up all truancy in the most effectual manner, and ensure lastly the greatest possible benefit from the day's teaching, thus giving to the teacher the most effectual aid. And again, not a week should pass without his visiting him in the school. This would not only encourage him to double and redouble his exertions, but it would assist the teacher. Oh, how much it would assist him to have the weekly visit of every parent, to confer with him, to advise, and to aid him. He would feel that his labors were appreciated, and that he had the assistance of the parent, instead of (as is too often the case,) the opposition and reprobation. Last of all, but not the least important, he should look to the character of the teacher to whom he entrusts the education of his children. As careful

as is his own deportment, and his own teaching, so careful should he know that of the teacher to be. He should not only feel the utmost confidence in the probity, integrity, and morality of that teacher, but he should know for himself that he is worthy of the high trust reposed in him. He should know that he is fit to be the guide of his child; fit to make impressions there to last forever; fit to give the yielding mind that bent which shall cling to it through time; fit to mould an immortality; fit to give that direction, and that goodly training to the soul, that his child shall worthily fulfill all the duties of the noblest of God's work here, and when done with time, fit for the company of the blest above, where Christ, the Lord, shall be our teacher.

In conclusion, friends, if we have planted one germ that shall spring up in usefulness to those before us, we shall be blessed indeed. If we have done the mission set before us to-day, *to one human soul*, we are amply repaid. It is all we ask from the hand of our Father, that we may plant one seed that will bring up a golden harvest of love unto Him, and that we all may be made to feel, whatever our condition of suffering or joy, that we are in His hands, and He "doeth all things well;" if He bids us suffer that we may be strong, let our souls respond, "Thy will be done."

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